EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

"THERE, pussy, do you see? This bird is not to be eaten. However much you may want it, you are never even to try to catch it. It may seem to you that birds were made for cats to eat, and that there is no reason why this particular bird should not be eaten. But remember, *this is 'forbidden fruit.'*"

We can imagine pussy's mistress talking to her in some such way as that, and it is to be hoped that the cat will heed what she hears. We have known cats that did. Indeed, we remember reading about one which had so far learned the lesson, that when a strange cat came into the house and was about to pounce upon a pet bird, which had been let out into the room, she caught the bird herself and carried it unharmed to her mistress, thereby saving it from the clutches of the other cat, that did not understand the meaning of "forbidden fruit."

Children sometimes have to be treated like the cat in the picture. Things they long to have, pleasures they wish to enjoy, they are told are forbidden fruit.

It is a lesson hard to learn, that we cannot have a great many objects which we would like to have, or do a good many things that we want to do. Often we are like pussy in the picture, who evidently does not quite understand why she cannot catch and eat any bird that she sees. So we human beings do not see why so many of our wants must be denied. We forget — what a cat cannot even know — that the rights and claims of other people are restraints upon our own rights and claims. We lose sight, too, of the plain fact that the laws of nature, as well as the laws of society, hinder us in many a cherished plan and prevent our doing very much that we would like to do.

These and other necessary restraints check our wishes. But by submitting to them, we gain that which is far better than what at first we wanted. We gain self-control. We gain the ability to deny a lower wish for the sake of a higher good. We learn how to live at peace with our fellows. Giving up what we want is often the best way to get what we need. We want too much pleasure. We need that moderate amount of pleasure which gives added zest to work. We want too many sweets. We need food that is not only agreeable to the palate but wholesome for the body. We want to go to a great many parties. We need the freshness and the health that come from rest and sleep. In short, much fruit is forbidden us, in order that we may have a better relish for the enjoyable fruits that are permitted us. Sound wisdom consists in frequent self-denial, and in the power to say "No" to every temptation to taste of "forbidden fruit."

GOOD MANNERS.

FINE consideration and sympathy are ingrained in good manners. When I was a school-girl I was one Sunday the guest of a girl friend. At church my friend's father met an old minister whom he had known years before in the country village where he was born, and he brought the old gentleman home to dine with him. A shy, delicate man, it was evident the minister had been willing to serve in the waste places of the Master's vineyard, where the hire was small and the laborers few, for his clothes were pathetically shabby, and the simple elegance and formal serving of the dinner bewildered him, and made him nervous. With the fruit some finger-bowls were brought in, and after eyeing the one by his plate a moment, he raised it to his lips and drank off the water.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, touching it with his withered fingers, "I never saw such pretty cups before. What do you call them? I would like to buy one for my little girl."

"They are plain ruby bowls; I think that is what they are called," said the hostess, sipping from her own. "Do not buy one; I have a very pretty one I should love to send to your daughter, if you will be kind enough to accept it."

There was not the moving of an eyelash. The host glanced at his wife with loving pride, and followed her example. Even Master Tom, aged six, who was ready to laugh on all possible occasions, and was always making inopportune remarks, gravely drank from his finger-bowl and slipped down from his chair without a word, and I heard him say afterward to his sister:

"Doesn't mamma have lovely thoughts! She's going to give him that pretty, big cup that 's just like a finger-bowl with a handle to it. Oh, I hope he 'll never know what those bowls are used for!" — *Elizabeth Cumings in Christian Union.*

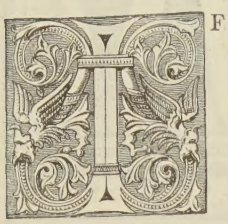
THAT which we are we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily.

NEXT to the folly of doing a bad thing is that of fearing to undo it.

DIFFICULTIES are meant to rouse, not discourage.

TOM TAGGART'S LESSON.

BY MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE.



"IF I had been hump-backed," said Tom Taggart to himself, "I would n't have minded so much. People would have pitied me. They would have said, 'poor boy.' If I had been deaf, or dumb, or blind, I could have stood it; I would n't have minded suffering, but to be always laughed at! To be called 'bow-legs,' — it 's enough to kill one." Tom sat in the wood-shed whittling a boat out of a very obstinate piece of wood.

"Just my luck!" said Tom. "If *I* got a piece of wood, of course it had to be knotty. Everything I get hold of *is* knotty."

"Tom!" called his mother from the house, "come here!"

Tom brushed the whittlings off the neat gray trousers that covered his poor misshapen legs, and walked across the yard gloomily. There was no doubt about his being a very queer little figure. He was short, with more flesh than most boys of his age usually carry, and the legs which caused him so much grief and shame were bowed out like the sides of an ellipse. It was not much wonder that thoughtless girls giggled when they saw him, and that the boys called him "bow-legs." Though his home was pleasant, and held in it all that could give comfort and amusement to a boy, and though he had good health and high marks in school, yet there was little sunshine in his heart. He knew that he must always appear awkward and absurd. He hated every one who laughed at him, and suspected every one of wanting to laugh, who did not do so. He was not a mean boy, but he was fast growing to be an envious, discontented, and suspicious one.

"Tom," said his mother, as he came up to her, "you 'll have a nice time this vacation. Cousin Kate is coming from Brooklyn."

"Oh dear me!" cried Tom, "is that so?"

"Why, Tom! are n't you glad?"

"No," said Tom shortly. "I'd rather be alone."

"I don't see why you should say that. You never seem to care to play with the boys."

"I care less to play with the girls," broke in Tom.

"My dear little boy," said his mother kindly, "do you think it is polite to talk so shortly to me? Come and sit down here on the steps with me awhile, and tell me why you don't like to play with the boys?"

"Play!" cried Tom, the angry tears starting to his eyes. "What can I play? If I try marbles, the boys yell every time I get up or down, because I look so funny. When I joined the base ball club, the only place they could give me was short stop, and I could n't stop the ball because — it went right between my legs," he laughed a little in spite of himself. His mother made no reply. She guessed at all the bitterness in his heart. She stroked his brown curly hair softly with her hand for awhile, and then asked, —

"But what has this to do with Cousin Kate?"

"She 'll giggle!" cried Tom fiercely, his face flushing red and hot. "I know she will! She 'll be ashamed to walk with me on the street. She'll have city airs and be stuck-up, and she 's sure to be tall and slim. Every one is that I have anything to do with, just because I 'm short and fat."

He would not wait for the soothing kiss his mother tried to give him, but broke away and ran to the barn, where he climbed up into the cool loft and laid there on the hay, giving himself up to bitter thoughts till he fell asleep.

But two days after this, Cousin Kate came. Tom stood up in his room peeping shyly out from behind the curtain. His mother went down to meet her as she alighted from the carriage at the gate. To be sure she *was* tall and slim, and she wore an elegant dress of blue, braided with red. Tom could only get a glimpse of her face, but he could see masses of dancing curls under the rim of her wide-awake hat.

"I wish I was big enough to go out camping, or hunting, or fishing, or something. I would just go and stay till she goes away." The next moment she had entered the house, and he heard her laughing merrily. She ran lightly by his door to her own room, which his mother pointed out as she followed.

"Where 's Cousin Tom?" he heard her asking.

"Well," thought Tom, "I 'll fix her. After she sees me once she 'll never want to see me again." So he marched viciously into the hall and called out, "Here I am!"

Kate popped her head out of the door at this brusque summons, and smiled good-naturedly at him. She was pulling off her gloves, and she turned them wrong side out in her haste.

"I 'm not coming out till I can shake hands with you," she said, and then met him with such a hasty graceful air, that for a moment Tom actually forgot all about his legs and the mind he had to hate her, and shook hands quite graciously. She was only two years older than Tom, but she seemed a great deal older, for she had such easy, womanly ways, and spoke so pleasantly.

"I don't suppose you like girls very well," she remarked, "but I 'm your cousin, and it 's your duty to like your cousin, you know."

Tom could n't remember that he had ever been spoken to so pleasantly before. Girls generally overlooked him altogether. "If I were a yellow dog I should be taken a great deal more notice of," Tom had once complained at a little party where he had sat, forgotten and miserable, in a lonesome corner.

While Kate went back into her room to brush up her hair and make herself tidy for tea, Tom wandered up and down the hall in a very pleasant state of mind. Suddenly a dreadful thought came to him. Perhaps she had n't noticed his legs!

"That 's it," he sighed. "Of course she won't be so nice when she sees them! I might as well have it out!" So when she came tripping down to tea, Tom, once more in a hateful mood, said to her, "It 's no trouble for *you* to come down-stairs." Neither was it any trouble for Tom, but he wanted to (as he said) "have it out" with her at once.

"Is it hard for you?" cried Kate pityingly. "I 'm so sorry!"

Tom felt heartily ashamed of himself. "How silly I am!" he thought. But he reflected that she had not been put to the great test. He was sure she would never be willing to walk down the village street with him. She would flinch before *that* test.

The next morning passed very pleasantly. Tom had not thought so little about himself before for weeks; nor had he been so happy and unsuspicious. His cousin seemed to him a marvel of knowledge. She was far more advanced than he in school, and had lived all her life in a great city, which, for a bright, observant girl like Kate, was in itself an education. Then she was so gentle and polite. Tom Taggart blushed as he remembered that he had thought her capable of giggling at his misfortune. Had it not been so plainly visible that no one could glance at him without seeing it, Tom would have thought she had not noticed it. She appeared to think it of very little consequence, and Tom began to think so too.

"It was just another kind of vanity in me," he confessed to himself, "to think so much about how I looked and what people thought. It was very small and silly of me — not a bit brave. No hero would have acted so."

All the bitterness in his heart was fast vanishing before the soothing courtesy which his cousin showed him. In the afternoon, when Tom had shown her every haunt of the house, the yard, and the barn, had displayed all his treasures, from his fishing-pole and violin to his swing and his wind-mill, Kate said: —

"Suppose you ask Aunty if we can take a walk?"

It came about so naturally that Tom forgot to feel astonished, but when he found himself walking down the street, so short and deformed, beside his graceful young cousin tripping along in her dainty muslin, his astonishment returned. Why, she did n't seem to mind at all! Tom told her about this house and that, and what boys and girls lived in them, — teaching his usually savage tongue to speak no evil, — and she seemed so interested and told so many amusing stories in return, of her school and her friends, that Tom began to feel a gentle glow of self-respect.

"It 's what I *am*, not what I *look*, that matters after all," he concluded; "yet I 'm sure," — he was obliged to confess, — "I have n't been much but a sour, hateful, glum fellow, but I hope she won't find it out, and I 'll try to be as polite and unselfish as she seems to think me."

Near the centre of the village was a vacant lot which the boys used for a ball-ground. They were having a game as Tom and Kate passed. Tom's heart beat with pride as they walked by, to have them see that he, the scape-goat of all their ridicule and ill-nature, had at least one friend.

But his pleasure was short-lived. The boys saw and were filled, as he knew they would be, with envy. Sam Bigelow, bolder and more cruel than the rest, sent a poisoned shaft straight into the heart of Tom's happy afternoon.

"Hello!" he called, "been having your pants cut with a circular saw, Tommy?"

The tide of blood that rushed over poor Tom's head seemed to be drowning his senses. It beat in his ears like a drum. He raised his dizzy eyes to see if his cousin was overcome with shame of him. To his surprise she seemed not to have heard the remark. She turned her pretty parasol another way, so as to shield them a little from the boys; that was all.

"We must get home in time to help Aunty make the ice-cream for supper, Cousin Tom," she said, and turned about and walked the length of the ball-ground again with the utmost unconcern. If Tom had been a forlorn hope before the fire of the enemy he could not have dreaded it more, but the boys were evidently ashamed and abashed.

That night, before Tom laid down to rest, he prayed as he had not done for months; — prayed that all the bitterness, the envy, the hate, the distrust might go out of his heart; that he might learn to value himself because God made him, and to be thankful that his mind was clear and perfect, even if his body was distorted. Life seemed a brighter and more hopeful thing when he had done. He lay awake far into the night, building

air-castles of the good he would do, till every one should learn to forget his ugliness, and love and respect him for his works. He would study so much harder till he should become known for his learning and his judgment; and he would be gentle to every one and return courtesy for insult. It was harder work to do all this than it seemed to Tom that night; but he never ceased trying, and he never again lost his self-respect. So the gentle kindliness of an unselfish heart brought peace and light to little Tom Taggart, and in place of envy, gave him content; instead of hate, brought him friendship; and for bitterness, gave him ambition.

DO AS YOU PLEASE LAND.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

"JOHNNY," called mamma, "Johnny, *Johnny!*" This last call was so loud and imperative that Johnny dared not disobey.

"Yes, ma, I 'm coming," he replied impatiently. "There!" he said, addressing his friend Fred, "that 's always the way! A fellow just begins to have some fun, and he 's sure to have an errand to do. Wait till I 'm a man, then I 'll do just as I please."

"That 's where you 're right," said Fred.

The boys had now reached the house-door where stood patient Mrs. Brown with basket in hand.

"Come, my boy," she said to John in a kindly tone, "I want you to get some potatoes. Be quick as possible, for dinner is waiting!"

John took the basket, did the errand, and for once in his life did not loiter on his way back.

"Mamma," he said, on his return, "is n't it pretty nice to be grown up?"

"It is good to be anything in this beautiful world, my son, — good to be grown up, and good to be a little boy, like you. Don't you think so?"

"Y-es, ma'am," said Johnny, hesitatingly. "It must be much nicer to be grown up, like you, mamma," he added after a pause, "because you can do just what you please, and you need not do errands for people, or anything else, if you don't wish to."

"Oh, yes, I must, we all must," said mamma. "Everybody, both great and small, must be ready to help, or this world of ours will be a sad place to live in."

John made no reply, but his thoughts ran something like this, "I don't think mamma is right. If every one did just as he pleased, it would be much the best way, for then everybody would have a good time."

After dinner, it being a holiday, John went in search of his friend Fred, but not succeeding in finding him, he stretched himself lazily on the grass, and began to pick the little daisies within reach. Suddenly he rubbed his eyes, and stared hard at one of the flowers, for surely it was moving towards him, yes, there was no doubt about it; and then as it came nearer and nearer it was no longer a daisy, but a funny little old woman whose twinkling eyes peered out at John from underneath a large frilled cap.

"How d'ye do, little man," said the old woman, making a bobbing little courtesy.

John was much too surprised to reply.

"I come from Do-as-you-please Land," continued the old woman. "Would you not like to go there?"

"Do-as-you-please Land?" said John. "Does that mean that everybody who lives there does just as he likes?"

"Yes, my dear. Won 't you go?"

"Indeed I will! But where do we go? Is it far away?"

The old woman did not reply, but pointed to a large gate-way, which John had never seen before, and over which he read the words "Do-as-you-please Land." John jumped up, and followed the old lady through the gate-way. He then found himself in a curious looking country. The houses were most of them out of repair, the gardens in disorder, yet no one seemed to be at work. The few persons he met were idling like himself. John looked up and down the street. The little old woman had vanished. He concluded to enter the finest house he saw, which surely ought to be his if this was really Do-as-you-please Land. He went up-stairs, meeting no one on the way there, and entered a pretty little chamber.

"I like this room, and shall take it for my own," said he.

At this moment a boy taller and larger than John entered the apartment. "What are you doing in my chamber?" he cried in a cross voice.

"This is Do-as-you-please Land, and I can have this room if I wish," replied John.

"We 'll see about it!" said the big boy; then he took John by the shoulders and pushed him out of the chamber, shutting the door in his face.

Poor John tried hard not to cry, and feeling very hungry went in search of some supper. He found the dining-hall without difficulty; here a large table was filled with plenty to eat, around it sat about a dozen people. Each one at the table helped himself to whatever he chose, without regard to his neighbor. John pushed and scrambled with the rest, but he never enjoyed a meal less in his life.

After tea, he went out for a walk. Some boys in a field shouted to him to join them. As John reached the place where they were assembled, there began a dispute among them as to what they should play. After an hour spent in quarrelling, John was tired enough to go to bed.

Now our hero's trials began afresh. He found nearly every room occupied, but at last, at the very top of the house, he came to an empty chamber. The bedding was scattered about the floor, and poor John was forced to make the bed before he could lie upon it. This he did with great difficulty, crying bitterly all the while, but scarcely had he laid himself down, when the floor gave way from under him, and down, down, he went, to find himself in the grass in his own garden.

"It 's a dream after all!" said John, opening wide his eyes.

He ran to the house to tell it all to mamma. "Ma," said he, after he had finished, "you see how quick I 'll do your errands for you, when you ask me. If every one did just as he pleased, would n't this be a dreadful world to live in?"

History and Biography.

THE MARATHON MESSENGER.

BY CHARITY DYE.

IT is now over twenty-three hundred years since the Greeks surprised the world at Marathon. The Persians were so terrible an enemy to overcome, and the fighting was so hard on that day, that the word "Marathon" has never since ceased to be a touchstone to the brave.

The historian of the present day tells us that the battle of Marathon decided the civilization of continents then unborn. Behind the visible warfare of those great hosts was a struggle for ascendency between the spirits of the East and the West, resulting in favor of the latter.

So to-day, when we see traces of Greek life in the architecture of our national Capitol building, in some of the beautiful statues adorning our libraries and parks; when we are entertained by the charming Greek stories retold by Hawthorne, Kingsley, and others; and when we are instructed by the poetry and philosophy of Greece, we feel greatly indebted to the conquerors at Marathon.

The Greeks themselves looked upon the battle of Marathon as the one great event of their lives. The number of myths and stories that cluster around it prove this. They thought all the gods and heroes were present and helped to win the day. Indeed, were they not there in the spirits of the brave warriors?

When the Persians were coming to attack Greece, Athens sent to the different Grecian states for aid in the defence. Sparta was at that time one of the most powerful of these states, and consequently was expected to render the most prompt and valiant assistance. It seemed a long way to Sparta in those times, and the messengers travelled on foot. So you see from the importance of the message, the distance, and the mode of travelling, a very trusty person must be chosen to take word. Pheidippides was the honored one, and we fancy that he sought the service, since he did it so well. It is said that he ran like a god all the way, over hill, valley, and glen, and that when he became faint or weary, a voice would shout in his ears, "Run, Pheidippides! Run!" He ran, and reached Sparta with breath enough to exclaim, "Persia has come!"

With the expectancy of despair he looked to see some Spartan step forth and run to Athens as he had run there, crying, "Sparta sends help!" But no; we are ashamed to say that Sparta was concerned in the phase of the moon, and could not go until she had performed some religious rite. She did not know that to help a brother man was one of the most religious of rites. Pheidippides, heavy-hearted, and dumb with surprise at Sparta's coolness and delay, started back. He ran back even faster than he came, knowing that if Athens must depend solely upon herself in the face of so powerful an enemy, no time should be lost in letting her know it.

Pan, the god of the woods and fields, upon beholding Pheidippides so faithful and so swift, was moved to overlook past slights that the Athenians had given him. He stopped Pheidippides, and told him that "Pan" would help the Athenians, and that when all was over he (Pheidippides) should receive a worthy reward and have release from the racer's toil.

When Pheidippides reached home, having travelled one hundred and fifty miles in forty-eight hours, he reported the failure of Sparta to respond, and the promise of Pan to aid. He was asked what the good Pan's promise to him meant. He said he thought that when victory was won and all was over, that he should find a happy home and live in content.

But such is not the reward for the brave, nor was it for Pheidippides.

When the Athenians were victorious, all cried out, "Run, Pheidippides, to the Acropolis and shout, 'Athens is saved! Thank Pan!'" Once more he ran like a god, and reached the Acropolis with the shout on his lips, "Rejoice! We conquer!" His great heart then burst, and he sank down dead. This was his "release from the racer's toil." His reward, we trust, was worthier than he could in any way have imagined.

Our Letter-Box.

We have received from a correspondent an account of an "Easter Birds'-nest," which we think will be specially interesting to our readers just now, when almost every tree has its nests; some with delicate spotted eggs in them, some with little featherless birds who cry all day for food and seem never to be appeased, though both father-bird and mother-bird work hard to feed them. But they grow apace, and very soon their education will be complete. Then they will fly away to build nests for themselves. We wonder if any of them will be as accomplished as "The Sparrows" who wrote to the H. Street Sunday-school, and whether, next Easter, some other Sunday-school will have an Easter birds'-nest. Ask your Sunday-school teacher what she thinks.

AN EASTER BIRDS'-NEST.

Easter morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the Infant Department of H. Street Sunday-school was out in large numbers, and with their fresh, sweet faces could but remind one of the spring blossoms, for one could pick out the sturdy little dandelions, the buttercups with bobbing heads, and here and there a shy violet, and surely one wee, modest daisy.

After a simple talk about the new life, as Christ revealed it to Nicodemus, which we might all have in our hearts, an Easter surprise was brought out, which made bright faces brighter; it was a large birds'-nest filled with candy eggs, accompanied by a little letter from the birds, written on birch bark. The letter ran thus:—

Dear little folks of the H. Street Sunday-School:

Feeling that you belong to the class of small girls and boys who do not have us killed to wear on your hats, nor rob our nests, nor stone us, we, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, have planned you a little surprise for Easter.

We have built an unusually big nest, and filled it with unusually large eggs, and it will be no sin for you to rob it, for it is all for you. The eggs are made of the purest sugar, so your mammas need not be afraid to have you eat them.

Hoping that you all love the dear Heavenly Father, who not only loveth us, his little birds, and knoweth if one of us falls to the ground, but careth much more for you, his little children, we are, with loving Easter chirps and twitters,

Your friends, The Sparrows.

Elm Branch, Easter Morn.

The delight of the little people, and their funny, happy remarks, cannot find space here; but the surprise was such a success that the idea is passed along to those who love and teach little children. After the distribution of the eggs, the children listened to a few words about Easter, as to why it is such a joyous church festival, and why eggs are used as a symbol of the resurrection.

O. M. B.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.

My 3, 15, 5, 22, is a brook.

My 6, 4, 12, is what girls sometimes are called.

My 7, 23, 24, is what inquisitive children are asking.

My 18, 1, 20, is the name of one of the months.

My 8, 9, 22, is an animal that can see well in the dark.

My 2, 10, 16, is what we use for writing.

My 11, 25, 19, 26, is the back part of anything.

My 13, 14, 19, 17, is to boast.

My 21, 15, 16, 4, 27, is the end.

My whole is a proverb for April.

Edith S. Nichols, age, 10 years.

Buffalo, N. Y.

ENIGMA XX.

On the animals, birds, and fishes of the Bible.

I am composed of forty-three letters.

My 17, 2, 21, 11, 3, Jesus mentioned when quoting a proverb.

My 1, 41, 30, 15, helped to feed the multitude.

My 35, 22, 7, 6, 32, 29, 39, Moses's rod became.

My 19, 2, 37, 1, the Israelites once worshipped.

My 37, 16, 26, 42, Daniel did not fear.

My 1, 7, 20, 43, — 1, 37, 25, and 37, 24, 36, 27, 35, 23, became each a plague because of their numbers.

My 18, 11, 29, Jesus once compared himself to.

My 21, 38, 12, 40, Jesus mentioned in the Sermon on the Mount.

My 14, 31, 2, 37, 33, is said to have swallowed a prophet.

My 2, 35, 13, twice carried Jesus.

My 30, 10, 5, 22, 9, and 43, 8, 2, 12, 30, Jesus mentioned in a parable.

My 13, 34, 2, 7, 7, 38, 14, was of such little value that two were sold for a farthing.

My 4, 14, 28, 42, 32, the Jews called unclean.

My whole, Jesus warned his disciples against in the Sermon on the Mount.

Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 18.

Enigma XVI. Lay down my life for thy sake. — John xiii. 37.

Enigma XVII. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLE NO. 2.

R
H E N
R E B U S
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For Youngest Readers.

CORNELIA'S TEMPTATION.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

Mamma sat by the fire, holding baby in her arms, when Dilly went in to say "good-by" before going to school. Dilly's real name was Cornelia: she was named for her aunt. This aunt gave her her pet name too, for when Dilly was a two-year-old child, sitting on the floor with her string of spools, her rubber doll, and her tin rattle, Aunt Cornelia came in, caught her up, and exclaimed, "You little darling! You are sweet as a daffodilly." A part of the name thus oddly given clung to her ever after.

When Dilly said "good-by," on the day of which I write, her mamma said, "Be a good girl, Dilly, and remember, don't go to see Annie to-night."

Grandma, who sat near, added, "You ought always to be a good girl now, Dilly, for you are an older sister and must set a good example to this sweet little child." Then grandma kissed Dilly and "the sweet little child" also.

Dilly was indeed a good girl at school, quiet, pleasant, studious. The teacher felt cheered whenever she looked at her. When school was over, however, her temptation began. She wanted to go to see Annie, her little playmate, who had that day been absent from school. There seemed to be two voices in Dilly's heart talking together.

The first voice said, "Mamma thought Annie would be at school and supposed I should see her there."

The second voice answered, "No matter what she thought, she told you not to go to see Annie and you ought to obey."

Then the first voice said, "Annie may be sick, your mother would wish you to go to inquire."

The second voice replied, "Better run home first and ask your mother."

The first voice continued, "I would go to see Annie, anyway. What is the use in being so particular?"

The second voice answered, "Remember what grandma said about the dear baby."

The first voice quickly interrupted, "You won't need to be good on baby's account for a long time; she can't notice."

So the two voices argued, and Dilly did not heed the words of the good voice, but went to see Annie, whom she found sick. On her way home she stopped at the old barn, and there she found half a dozen eggs, which she put in her apron.

When she came in her mother asked, "Why are you so late, my dear?"

Dilly said nothing, but held up her apron of eggs.

"You dear child!" said her mother, "no wonder you were late, if you stopped to hunt for eggs."

Then grandma kissed her, and called her "little helper." But Dilly was not happy. What child is happy, who hides in her heart a disobedient act, and an acted lie?

And so the days went by, until two weeks had passed. Each day Dilly thought she would tell her mother the whole story, and each day she put it off.

At last she began to feel really ill, and the doctor was called, who found she had the measles. She had taken the disease from Annie on that disobedient night. Then she confessed all to her mother, who like every good mother, was ready to forgive; and cared for her as tenderly as if she had never done wrong.

Dilly tried to be very patient in the sick days that followed, for she felt as if she deserved them all. When she got well, and the poor baby was sick with the same disease, she thought that the hardest part of her punishment had come to her. The kind grandma comforted her and said, "It will be worth all the pain, my darling, if you learn well the lesson, that wrong-doing is sure to be followed by unhappiness that will affect others as well as yourself."

"And just as truly," said papa, "will your good deeds gladden other lives than your own." Then he copied upon a pretty card some lines from a book he had been reading, and gave them to Dilly to keep. She did not understand them very well at the time, but as she grew older their meaning came to her. These were the lines:

"No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

PETER'S DENIAL.

THE scene which our artist here gives us is in the open court of the palace of the High Priest at Jerusalem. To this palace Jesus has been led for his trial and condemnation. With impulsive daring, Peter has followed his Master and remains in the outer court while the trial of Jesus goes on within the palace. There the temptation comes to him to deny his discipleship. First, the maid who keeps the gate of the court comes along, and peering into Peter's face, suddenly exclaims, "Why, you are one of the followers of Jesus!" Peter is taken unawares. He is off his guard. If he thinks at all, it is only to the effect that, if he says "No," it will be but a prudent way to escape a needless danger. So the lie comes to his lips, and he "denies his Lord."

But one lie usually leads to another. Indeed, a lie can seldom stand alone. It requires to be supported by other falsehoods. When, therefore, Peter is a second time accused of having been with Jesus, he for the second time stoutly denies the charge.

An hour passes. The mock trial within the palace is over. The departing judges crowd into the court, while insults, taunts, and blows fall upon their innocent victim. In the midst of all this excitement and confusion, little notice is taken, at first, of Peter. But after a time some one engaging in conversation with him declares not only that he is one of those who were with Jesus, but also that his dialect proves unmistakably that he is a Galilean. "Then began Peter to curse and swear, saying, I know not the man," — the idle oath used, as so often men have used it, to prop up the feeble lie. "And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew."

At the same moment, it happened that Jesus was conducted by one of the soldiers through the passage that leads from the house at the side of the outer court. "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how that he had said to him, Before the cock crow this day thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly."

How vividly we see all this in our picture! There is Chanticleer crowing from the branch of the vine on which he has perched. There too is the portress bearing a jar of water on her head, and pointing a finger of scorn at Peter. And there are the Roman soldiers sitting before the fire in the chill morning air, scanning with eager eyes the apostle's downcast face.

And Peter himself, — what shall we say of him as he stands there, cowering before the blaze of that loving look from his gentle and forgiving Master? What can he do but go out and hide himself from the gaze of men, and let remorse consume his cowardly soul? One thing he can do, — the very thing he actually did; he can let the Angel of Repentance lead him into a new and nobler manhood.

This, then, is the lesson for us to learn from Peter's denial. Let the knowledge that we, like the great apostle, are weak and liable to go astray, keep us meek, and make us free from all foolish pride and vain self-confidence. Then let us bravely forsake all the sins that so easily and so constantly beset us, that the Angel of Repentance may lead us, as of old the awakened Peter was led, to a better life, a brighter hope, a purer and more steadfast love.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

JACK-RABBITS.

BY MARY DARTT THOMPSON.

These queer-looking creatures are found in many places on the Plains and among the Rocky Mountains. They are relatives of the little hares which boys hunt in New England, and are of the same color and general appearance, only they are *very* much larger.

Like the hares, they are exceedingly timid, probably because they have no sharp claws or teeth with which to defend themselves. They hardly need any, for they are so fleet that they can usually manage to escape from any enemy that does not surprise them in some unfair way.

I have been very much amused, in riding among the low sage-brush found in some parts of the mountain parks, to see one of these animals start up suddenly and bound off so fast that he looked like a mere brownish streak a few yards long. Then he would as suddenly stop, rise up on his hind feet, and with his cunning paws hanging down and his ridiculously long ears pricked up, take a good look at me.

He seemed to know at a glance that I had no gun, and that he was safe to make a study of me, as I could not make a meal of him.

These rabbits live on the blades and roots of grass and the bark of shrubs. In some parts of North Park there are very few shrubs of any kind; so one winter when there came a deep snow that lay upon the ground some weeks, the poor jack-rabbits had a hard time.

Men, who are usually their worst enemies, proved for once their best friends. A few stock-owners had taken large herds of cattle there, which were in the habit of getting their living in winter in the same way the rabbits did, — by eating the dry grass that covered the ground.

Snow seldom lies on the ground there more than three days at a time, and then it is so dry that both cattle and rabbits can paw through it to the grass; but this time, as I have said, the snow was deep, and worse still, it had a crust.

The herders knew such a thing sometimes happened, so a few of them had cut and stacked up a quantity of hay. It was sad that only a few had done this, for in those cruel weeks hundreds of poor creatures starved to death for want of it.

And the rabbits? Their soft paws could make no great impression on the icy crust, and they grew hungry, — so hungry that they lost all fear save of starvation. So when men began to put out hay for the stock, they crowded around it and ate too.

Each rabbit must have told another, for soon the neighborhood of the stacks swarmed with the odd-looking creatures. They not only ate with the stock, but they crept through the fences that protected the stacks, and fairly covered them, nibbling, nibbling, day and night, on the precious hay. With cattle starving all about, this hay was almost worth its weight in silver; but it was of no use to try to drive the rabbits away, — there were too many of them.

Perhaps they had the best right to it after all. They and their tribe were in possession of the Park long before the stock came.

Time flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius, — we 'll deserve it.

MARTHA'S ANGEL.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

Away up in the north country of Maine, one golden October afternoon more than forty years ago, a little girl of about eight years started from home to spend the night with her grandmother, who lived a mile away. Between the two homes were two long hills, which made the short mile seem quite a formidable journey to the Burr children, one of whom went each week to spend a night at the red cottage where grandmother lived alone since dear grandfather died.

She was a quaint-looking, wee lady, this little Martha in her long straight blue gown, blue cape, and sun-bonnet; but her brown eyes were full of happy anticipation, as mother kissed her at the gate, saying cheerily, "Go straight along — don't speak to any one you don't know, then you will be safe." So the little woman danced along in the sunshine, picking the great ox-eyed daisies and purple-headed grasses, till she had a "bouquet for grandmother's spare room," almost as big as herself.

On the top of the first hill she turned back to catch a glimpse of Jack, who was ploughing for next summer's wheat; being on the watch, Jack quickly spied the little figure and waved his big straw hat vigorously; then down the hill trotted the little traveller, singing and content. She was quite at the foot, where a pretty brook ran, softly chatting to itself, when suddenly her startled eye caught sight of a figure coming over the brow of the second hill, which filled her with dismay; the straggling hair, tattered clothing, and unsteady gait, she knew too well, as belonging to foolish Tom, whom the children called the "crazy man;" and who had been their terror in his occasional tramps through the region.

What should she do? Her heart stood still and her feet seemed like lead, though they were mechanically taking forward steps; for to go back, or to go on, was equally dreadful to the trembling child. The little heart had been taught to speak to the Heavenly Father about all her wants; and now her every breath whispered in His pitying ear, "Please take hold of my hand past this dreadful Tom!" The shuffling steps grew every moment nearer; her heart was ready to faint within her, when, lifting her eyes slowly to see *how* near the terrible "foe" might be, who was it that she beheld, standing above her on the top of the hill, or — as she told grandmother afterwards, — "standing just on the very edge of heaven," smiling down on her, beckoning with one hand, and in the other holding out a big red apple? Yes, yes, it was grandmother's nearest neighbor, Sally Morrill, a girl somewhat older than Martha, so full of sweet and loving ways that the school-girls always chose her for "mother" when they played "keep house." The trembling little creature gave one glad cry, and with a bound, as if her feet had been wings, she flew past the terrible man so swiftly, that he stopped short and gazed after her with wide-open eyes, as if he had seen a spirit.

Sally took her sobbing playmate into her arms, saying, "I was in the orchard, dearie, and saw him go by; a minute after I spied your sun-bonnet, and just ran to meet you; I thought you 'd be scared, you see, and I ain't a mite afraid of him." Then she gave Martha another great hug, and put the red apple into the apron, which was wiping away the big, falling tears.

That apple to Martha's eyes, then, and ever after, was the biggest and reddest that ever grew. "Big as my head, when I first saw it in Sally's hand with the sun shining on it just like heaven," she told her mother afterwards. But the sight of Sally herself and the comfort she brought was always past measuring.

Martha is a woman now with four girls of her own; a while ago she needed to give them a lesson on the value of *little things* in life, and the lasting influence of even the smallest kind or unkind acts.

Then it was that this far-away story was recalled. "Dear girls," she said, "this is the only thing I distinctly remember of my playmate. She is now at the head of a hospital for children in a large city. I have not seen her for years and years; our lives lie far apart. But her picture is still in my heart; and I shall always see her as she looked to my childish eyes then, — one of the glorified ones, standing on the hill-top against the blue sky, holding out the red apple, smiling down, and beckoning me to a place of love and safety."

"THE COCK CREW."

On page 157 the reader will see a picture of Peter's Denial. On the branch of a stout vine that climbs the palace wall stands Chanticleer crowing to announce the coming of the dawn. That crowing brings to Peter's mind the words of his Master, "Before the cock crows thou shalt deny me thrice." How little the apostle suspected the weak spot in his character, when he had so boastfully declared that though others might betray and forsake the Christ he would never forsake him! It was, therefore, a blessed awakening to Peter when the cock crew on that eventful morning. Like the gnawing hunger of the Prodigal, it roused the man to his better self. It made him realize the great wrong he had done. It moved him to arise and confess his sin, and through tears of repentance behold the bow of God's promised forgiveness.

Why do we all so dread to have our sins find us out? Is it not better that we should learn even by painful experience what our weakness is — where it is that we are most exposed to the assaults of evil? Is anything more natural than for the soul that is once fairly roused to a sense of its danger to turn wholly away from wrong-doing?

Peter's mistake began when he so hastily vowed to be faithful unto death, without "counting the cost" of such fidelity. His fall came from his ignorance of his own real self. He knew neither the baseness he was capable of, nor the heights of goodness to which his penitent soul could climb.

Let us all beware of yielding to temptation, but if we do yield and fall into sin, let us thank God for every voice from without or from within that calls us back to our real selves, and bids us rise to nobler living.

If we are content to see but one step at a time, and take it, we shall find our way made plain. The river winds, and often we seem on a lake without an exit. Then is the time to go half-speed, and doubtless, when we get a little farther the overlapping hills on either side will part, and the gorge will open out. We do not need to see it a mile off; enough if we see it when we are close upon it. It may be as narrow and grim, with slippery, black cliffs towering on either side of the narrow ribbon of the stream, as the cañons of American rivers, but it will float our boat into broader reaches and onwards to the great sea.

Teachers' Department.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Can you give me any hints as to the better management of my class?

Every class has its peculiar obstacles to a teacher's success, and also its favoring features. No clearer statement for general purposes has met our eye than the summary in "Outline Normal Lessons," on The Management of the Class. We subjoin a summary of the summary.

I. The hindrances to the management of a class are, commonly, — voluntary and irregular attendance of scholars; lack of authority in the teacher; length of time between sessions; unfavorable external conditions very often; lack of discipline at home; certain restless and playful traits of the child-nature.

II. The pre-requisites for class management are, in the main, these, — parental co-operation; harmony in the school; suitable arrangements of room, etc.; proper classification of scholars; freedom from needless interruption.

III. The necessary elements in the teacher, to be cultivated and kept in view, are, — strength and goodness of personal character; will, or clearness and decision; kindness, showing itself in a warm-heartedness to each scholar; tact, or the adaptation of one's self to individual cases.

IV. Some hints towards the actual management: cultivate the acquaintance of the scholars, and bring the class together in social ways; seat the scholars judiciously, and keep the mischievous ones somewhat apart; give each scholar something to do, and keep all busy; win the love of the members, for by that tie comes obedience, interest, and success.

What is the secret of successful teachers' meetings?

Now one thing in one case, then another elsewhere. Sometimes the minister throws himself into the work and everything glows with his ardor; sometimes the subjects attract, and earnest discussions arise; again, the imperative need of preparing the coming lesson leads the teacher to attend. Almost always a teachers' meeting is successful, if the teachers will go in full numbers. Probably our correspondent refers to that difficulty of getting a proper attendance, and asks for some magic aid to draw the absentees. The thinness of such gatherings, so observable, is unfortunate. Teachers ought to plan their social engagements with an eye to saving the night in question. Once in two weeks is not often. Sunday-school work is always at its best where teachers' meetings are regularly held.

Are the Unitarian Sunday-schools gaining, or losing ground?

A many-sided question. As to numbers, — gaining in total. As to methods, — gaining. As to confidence and respect from parents, — they have been losing. As to direct and "fact" instruction, — losing. In moral and general teaching, — gaining. As sources of actual contribution to church membership and welfare, — about the same as for ten years past. In the region of Boston and vicinity, because of special reasons, — gaining generally.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

The closing meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union for the present season was held at the Second Church on Boylston Street, Monday evening, May 17. After a social hour in the church parlors, the members of the Union and their guests descended to the dining-hall, where supper was served. Among the invited guests were Rev. E. A. Horton, of the Second Church, Rev. Geo. L Chaney, of Atlanta, Ga., Rev. W. P. Tilden, of Boston, and Hon. John C. Park, of Newton. At seven o'clock the evening session of the Union opened in the chapel with a service of song and devotion, conducted by President J. O. Norris. After the Annual Report of the Treasurer, J. W. Porter, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. R. C. Humphreys, of Boston; Vice-President, Mr. L. P. Hollander, of Somerville; Secretary, Miss Gertrude T. Jacobs, of Dorchester; Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Porter, of Dorchester; Directors, Hon. J. H. Hardy, of Arlington, Rev. H. G. Spaulding, of Boston, Mr. H. S. Sears, of Weston, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, and Mrs. John Mead, of West Newton. On motion of Rev. Brooke Herford a vote of thanks was passed to the Second Church for the hospitality which had been extended to the Union the past year. It was voted to continue the meetings next year in the Second Church.

The exercise of the evening was "A Symposium upon Sunday-school Methods and Teachings."

Mr. E. A. Whitman, assistant-superintendent of the Cambridge Sunday-school, spoke first, and gave some account of their use of the graded system, which he thought a necessity in a large school. The school numbers one hundred and fifty children, — thirty in the Infant Department, forty in the second grade, eighty in the third. The Infant Department meets separately from the school, and has an opening service of its own. The youngest children use infant-class cards; the older ones, Mrs. Wilson's "New Testament Parables." In the Second Department (children from eight to twelve), Bartram's "Stories from Genesis," "Stories from the Life of Moses," "Heroes of Israel," Frothingham's "Patriarchs," and "Stories from the Lips of the Teacher" are used as helps. It is made a point that the children commit to memory fine Bible passages, good hymns, or the best religious poetry. If a question-book is absolutely needed, "Sunday Lessons" and "Every Sunday" are best. "Child's Book of Religion" is very suggestive. For the Third Department (pupils of twelve and over), they have an eight years' course of study: —

First Year. — Begin the actual study of the Bible, — the object being to give a correct idea at the outset of the Bible as a whole, its history and its composition. *Second Year.* — Life of Jesus. Text-books: Brown's "Life of Jesus," or Gannett's "Childhood of Jesus." *Third Year.* — A practical course on moral questions. Text-books: Mrs. Wells's "Lessons in Ethics," Young's "Character Lessons," Winkley's "Practical Question-Book," or Spaulding's "Teachings of Jesus." *Fourth Year.* — Lives of the Apostles, or history of the New Testament period. Text-book: "Lessons on the Life of St. Paul." *Fifth Year.* — Moral problems again. Text-book: Dole's "Citizen and Neighbor." *Sixth Year.* — Either Toy's "History of the Religion of Israel," or Allen's "Outline of Christian History." *Seventh Year.* — Truths and Doctrines of our Liberal Faith. Text-book: Clarke's "Manual of Unitarian Belief." *Eighth Year.* — Other Religions. Text-book: Everett's "Religions before Christianity."

In this department, a common feature is the alternation of Bible study with the study of ethics, giving a year at a time to each.

Mr. Whitman spoke also of their teachers' meetings, which they tried to make a sort of Normal class. Each year one text-book is taken up, all of them, in time, thus being studied. Opportunity is also given for exchange of experience and mutual help in the difficulties of Sunday-school work.

Mr. Richard C. Humphreys, of Dorchester, spoke as a teacher. He emphasized the need of direct moral teaching, quoting Professor Peabody's words, "The church of to-day needs an ethical revival," and gave four general principles to be followed: (1) The teacher should excite desire for moral and religious culture. (2) He should develop his pupils' natures in those directions. (3) He should be interested in each scholar individually. (4) He should give morality always a prominent place in his teachings.

Rev. G. L. Chaney, an invited guest, was then asked to speak. He had noted with pleasure, on his recent return to Boston, great improvements in the Unitarian body. A more hearty interest seemed to have been awakened, as evinced by the weekly devotional meetings in King's Chapel, the Unitarian Club, and this Sunday-School Union.

Colonel Henry Stone, superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, then gave some account of their school, which is largely a mission-school. They have been using for the past year Miss Tolman's book, "The Fruit of the Spirit; or, The Character Harvest" (published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society). It was their custom to have special services for Christmas and Easter, and a Christmas festival for the children. After these statements, Colonel Stone went on to make some suggestions as to two great needs of the schools, — competent teachers and systematic doctrinal teaching. What he had to say on those subjects is so excellent that we shall give that part of his paper entire in our next number.

Mr. J. C. Tripp, of Fairhaven, Mass., superintendent of the Sunday-school there for the past twenty-eight years, then spoke. He had been discouraged by the continual withdrawal of the older scholars from the school, and the fact that the Sunday-school did not graduate its pupils into teachers, as it should; but he thought he saw a change for the better. As a teacher, it was his custom to take a chapter in the Gospels in which some great truth is taught, and make that the basis of his Sunday's talk with his scholars.

Mr. J. C. Johnson, superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Westminster Church, Providence, R. I., gave some statistics of his school. Different manuals were used by the classes. They had Sunday-school and parish libraries, and the school furniture was such as deserved mention, the settees being short and easily handled, so that the scholars could be brought near to the teachers. At the Harvest and Flower festivals, the scholars made an offering of fruit and flowers, which were then sent to the sick and poor of the parish, or to the hospitals in the city. At Easter each pupil received flowers or a potted plant. Connected with their school and that of the other Unitarian church in Providence is a Children's Mission to the children of the poor in the city.

Miss Lucy F. Young, of Groton, Mass., next read a paper giving some of her experiences and conclusions. The Groton Sunday-school is small, and her class is a mixed one, — composed of both boys and girls from ten to fourteen years of age.

Miss Young said: —

"Of discipline I have nothing to say, the class being well behaved, — perhaps because it is mixed, — the boys being too gentlemanly to want to pinch the girls, and the girls caring only to set a good example, not having reached the age when boys have any special attraction for them. We have used text-books of all kinds, and all with the same result, — such books as were suitable for the younger, were not interesting to the older ones, and *vice-versa*. Consequently, it was difficult to make them all *learn* the lesson; for I believe that *learning the lesson* is important. Any teacher can interest his pupils more, can help them better spiritually and morally, if they have a knowledge of what he is going to talk about, and he has not to teach them the lesson in the class. Again, some Sundays it seemed hard to hold their attention; they did not appear even interested. I worked hard and faithfully, and at last came to this conclusion, — I will use no more text-books. I will read the Bible with them and see what the effect will be. Thinking of my own childhood, I remembered that the teacher under whose

instruction I learned the most, and whose teaching oftenest comes back to me, was one who never used a text-book. I remember particularly the winter we studied the Old Testament, and my interest in it. We were required to read carefully at home a given number of chapters. In class we told the story we had read in our own words, and our teacher enlarged upon it, telling us much of the manners and customs of the time, and drawing for us a moral lesson. I determined to try the same with the life of Christ, with the addition of requiring the children to learn by rote some parts of the lesson. I assigned them chapters from the Four Gospels, thus letting them read the same account as given by the four Evangelists, and as my own help and guide read Geikie's 'Life of Christ.' The Sermon on the Mount we were to learn by rote, first, then the parables, etc. I have been surprised at the result and at their interest. What they had learned so often from other books seemed to take on new life when read from the Bible. They have *learned* the lesson, omitting the home reading rather than the parts to learn by heart. Each one has showed interest to learn the greatest number of verses, evidently enjoying learning whole chapters better than verses here and there. The Bible Questions and Scriptural Enigmas given in Every Other Sunday have been a great help. The first enigma I took to the class (with pencil and paper) as an experiment to test their knowledge, and was pleased and surprised at the ready answers I got from some of the youngest. If there were any parts of the enigma which they could not answer, or all could not recall clearly, we turned to our Bibles, read aloud the verse or verses which gave the answer, and talked about it. When they had found the answer to the whole enigma, we learned the quotation, where it was, and read enough of the chapter in which it occurred to fix in mind under what circumstances it was given. The Bible Questions we have used in the same way, and I hope Every Other Sunday will continue to give them. The children have been so much interested in them that the enigma on Esther, which you all remember was very long, was looked out and correctly guessed by two of the youngest. Many of my hearers may have tried the same plan with less encouraging results; but I have always found that even very young children will listen with more interest and pleasure to the reading of the Bible itself than to Bible stories told in the language of to-day. There are few children who do not unconsciously see and enjoy its poetry. In closing, I would like to give one thought to those of you who are parents, or have the home care of children. Three of my pupils are from one family; and I have always noticed that they were more interested, had better knowledge of the Bible, and were far better readers than any in the class. Surprised at this last fact particularly, I asked the youngest, one day, if she read the Bible often. "Oh, yes," she answered brightly; "father and mother always read with us every Sunday afternoon." Beyond the good they thus receive as a part of their common education, — for no one can be called educated to-day who has not a fair knowledge of the Bible, — they are learning with father and mother what will be a help and comfort to them all their lives."

Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Newton Centre, rose to give his testimony to the advantage of the graded system, which they were using in his school with good results. He would enforce the necessity of *organic unity*. "As there can be no life without organism, so no teaching can be *live* teaching that is not organized." The Sunday-School Union meetings had been very helpful to him.

Rev. E. A. Horton, of the Second Church, Boston, then spoke, giving also his testimony to the value of the Union meetings. He felt that there was a rising tide in our Sunday-school work, and spoke of the lack of graded manuals and of competent teachers. He would warmly endorse what Miss Young had to say of Bible study. "The Bible is an epitome of religious literature, and has no rival." He agreed, also, with Mr. Humphreys that morality is the *end* for which the Bible should be studied and taught, and thought with Colonel Stone that doctrinal teaching was needed. He believed in liberty, but he believed also in *coherency*. Mr. Horton emphasized the value of the social side of Sunday-school life, and spoke of the necessity of some normal instruction for teachers, stating that a Normal class, to be held at the new Unitarian building, is one of the plans for the coming year.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Frederic Chapin has been superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-school in Bernardston for the past *thirty-five* years, with the exception of two years. This year he declines re-election, and Mr. S. B. Slate has been chosen with Miss C. A. Barber as his assistant.

Mr. George A. Parkhurst, who was mentioned in our last number as having held the office of Sunday-school superintendent for over twenty years, is of Chelmsford, Mass., — a fact which we inadvertently omitted to state.

Mr. Henry B. Wells, who has been for several years the efficient superintendent of the Channing Sunday-school, Newton, Mass., has been obliged to resign the position on account of business engagements which take him away from home for a large portion of the year. Mr. Charles A. Drew has been chosen as his successor, and Mr. Wells consents to remain in the school as one of the assistant superintendents. The Channing School is in a prosperous condition, with many faithful workers on its teaching staff.

The Unitarian Sunday-school at Burlington, Vermont, has a very active and flourishing "Harry Wadsworth" Club. It was formed three years ago, and each year has done good work. The first year it raised twenty-five dollars for a "Boys' Lodging Home" in Boston. The second year its earnings and savings reached a much larger sum, and seventy-five dollars' worth of Sunday-school library books were bought and sent to a school in Michigan. For its third year, just closing, it is now doing a similar work, — namely, sending seventy dollars' worth of library books to a Sunday-school in Iowa. Besides this it carries over a small balance of money for the next season. Such a club should have many imitators in our Sunday-schools, equally "zealous of good works."

A reunion of the past members of the Harrison Square Unitarian Sunday-school was held on Friday evening, May 14.

Short devotional exercises were held in the church, followed by addresses by the present superintendent, Mr. E. J. Lewis, Jr., past superintendents Mr. Francis B. Snow and Mr. Josiah Carter, and by the pastor, Rev. C. D. Bradlee.

A bountiful collation was served in the vestry, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. The church and Sunday-school room were beautifully trimmed with flowers, and the occasion was in every way most enjoyable.

The young misses of the New South Church, Boston, held a May-day Fair in the church parlor, which netted about thirty-two dollars for the Sunday-school library.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

We find in the "Unitarian" for May the following editorial notice of Every Other Sunday. We heartily thank the Editor for his kind word, and trust our paper may better merit such commendation in succeeding numbers.

"Do all of our father and mother readers, and girl and boy readers, know what an excellent and charming paper Mr. Spaulding is making of his Every Other Sunday? We are sorry for every home in which there are girls and boys not gladdened and benefited by its regular coming; and we are sorry for every Sunday-school into which a big bundle does not go. And forty cents brings all its sunshine and wisdom for a year."

Our Book Table.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Members of Adult Classes.

Talks with My Boys. By William A. Mowry, A.M., Ph.D. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 266. Price, $1.00.

The author of this book — of which there is just now a "revised edition" published — states in his Preface that it grew "out of the practical necessities of the school-room." Having had twenty years' experience in such work, he is well qualified to speak on matters that pertain to it. The "talks" are genuine, having been really used in his own school-room; they are short and to the purpose, often containing some apt remark that remains in the memory and helps to recall the whole. The purpose of the book is moral, and those teachers who wish to exert such influence over their scholars will find in it much that is suggestive and helpful. The book was prepared for the teachers of secular schools.

A Book of Devotions and Meditations, with Responses. For use in Children's Services and Sunday-schools. Arranged by Alice E. Wilson. London: The Sunday-School Association. pp. 54. Price, boards, 30 cts.

Children's Services with Hymns and Songs. Edited by the Rev. A. W. Oxford. London: T. Fisher Unwin. pp. 187.

These two books from over the sea are interesting to us because they show what is being done for Sunday-schools in the "old home." It seems that our friends in England feel the need of responsive services for the school, where the children take part in the worship, and the author of "Devotions and Meditations" has sought to fill that need. Miss Wilson evinces in all the exercises a truly devotional and religious spirit.

The little hymn-book is specially interesting to those who help the Sunday-School Society, from the fact that its editor has culled very liberally from the new "Sunday-School Service-Book and Hymnal," issued not long ago. He expresses himself as very much indebted to its compiler. The selections are all excellent, and the few Services that precede the hymns have an especially earnest and devotional spirit.

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